

DOUBLE
PAGE.

The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 42.....NO. 14,825.

ACQUITTAL OF FLORENCE BURNS.

In the light of her discharge from custody by Justice Mayer the extraordinary self-possession shown by Florence Burns during her court-room and prison ordeal must be regarded as the outward expression of innocence. In popular belief the demeanor of the falsely accused while on trial is always such as to convince observers of their guiltlessness; actually, exhibitions of "nerve" are much more frequent in the professional criminal. Modesty flies into hysterics of nervous apprehension where more hardened natures endure the tearing of their character into tatters unmoved. The calm self-control displayed by Florence Burns broke all court-room records.

Miss Burns being purged of suspicion and set free by Justice Mayer, the next move of the State to clear up the Brooks mystery, more mysterious now than ever before, will be to hold the deferred Coroner's inquest. The Coroner will have only leavings and ravellings of evidence to deal with, but he may unexpectedly find an incriminating clue. The theory of the young commission merchant's suicide is untenable; he was obviously murdered. Was the deed done by a slighted and discarded "friend"? The catalogue of his amorous conquests is not as long as Leporello's, but the list is ample. It may be that the name of the murderer is on that list.

The Real Law-Making Power.—The fate of the proposed canal legislation will settle the question as to whether the Legislature of New York sits at Albany or in the Grand Central Station at Forty-second street.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

The fireboat which was erstwhile called Robert A. Van Wyck has been rechristened William L. Strong, and now the Correction Department steamer John F. Carroll has undergone a change of name and is un-Tammanized as the Massachusetts.

It is a wise and commendable measure to remove from the public service the survivors and reminders of Tammany misrule. Where reform can be accomplished merely by a few strokes of the paintbrush it would be a dereliction of duty not to apply the remedy.

But the important point is not so much to get rid of the Tammany names as of the Tammany system and to get rid of it for good. It would be painful to think of these new names being painted out in turn and the old ones restored after a brief two years' interval. To prevent this it will need more than the paintbrush; it will need the broom and the scrubbing-brush vigorously wielded in every department.

Where Spring Cleaning Is Needed.—With a Committee of the Drivers, Sweepers and Hesters Union of the Street-Cleaning Department prepared to furnish him with evidence of the continuance of such Tammany misrule in the Department, it ought not to be hard for Commissioner Woodbury to secure a thorough enforcement of the law and keep not only the streets but the Department clean.

OPPOSING IMPROVEMENTS.

The attitude of the Rapid-Transit Commission toward the proposed Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel seems to be that the connection between the Pennsylvania and the New York Central railroads will be an invasion of the rights of the Commission, because it will deprive the rapid-transit route of a certain number of five-cent fares which it might otherwise collect from passengers between the two stations.

It is hard to believe that any such absurd contention will be seriously insisted on. It is certainly not in keeping with the dignity and importance of the Rapid-Transit Commission to array itself in opposition to any development of the great scheme of improvement of Greater New York of which it is itself so conspicuous and important a factor.

Not So Fast Now.—The New York Central's eagerness to begin the construction of its great underground station is not so apparent as it was. Residents of the houses purchased by the railroad are told "not to worry about meeting their residents; there is no cause to rush matters." The Central moves slowly about improvements of public interest. As the Pennsylvania's counsel put it in his argument Friday before the Mayor, "What seems a long period to an individual is a short time to a railroad company."

FRIIGHTENED WITNESSES.

The sudden loss of memory by persons who knew something about what happened in the West Forty-seventh street station on the night of Feb. 15 and have since forgotten it is something to interest a specialist in mental diseases.

What is the reason? Is it to be found in the experience of Pauline Townsend, who heard blows struck in the cell above her? The day after The World printed her story detectives called at her house "and questioned her two hours; they thoroughly frightened her."

Many a man knows to his cost how perilous a thing it is to incur the ill-will of the police; The World printed a list of them the other day. George Appo, the Lexow witness of eight years ago, was roughly treated as recently, he says, as yesterday by detectives—the latest of a series of petty persecutions that began after his Lexow testimony. It is dangerous to "sneak."

CARNEGIE REFUSES A CROWN.

Achilles L. King of Araucania, in Patagonia, being anxious to retire from the cares of state, has offered Mr. Carnegie his crown—for a fitting financial consideration. The offer was made to the Laird while he was at Skibo Castle, a king's messenger with the title of count appearing with full plenipotentiary power to dispose of the jeweled bauble with all its rights and appurtenances. It is said that Mr. Carnegie, like Caesar, was thrice "approached," and that thrice he refused the kingly crown.

It may be that Mr. Carnegie has done right in refusing. But second thought prompts the reflection that he has deliberately denied himself untold possibilities of good. A friend of man, what better territory for his philanthropic efforts than untutored Patagonia? What a field for libraries! What a chance for lectures and addresses on ethics! He might have lived to see the same perpetuated in Patagonian history as Andrew the Good, first and greatest of his line!

JOKES OF OUR OWN

SPRING IN NEW JERSEY.

"No spring has come at last!"
"Yes, we saw the first mosquito of the year in Lonsomehurst last evening."

STERN RELATIVES.

"I had a hard time persuading my husband to give me this Easter hat."
"Not half as hard a time as I had persuading my uncle to give me this spring overcoat."

RISE AND FALL.

"The subway is bound to boom up town property."
"Judging from the recent cave-in, I should think it's more likely to cause a drop in real estate."

THE LIMIT.

"Is she home?"
"Home?" She's so ugly that prickly heat is becoming to her."

MORE TO THE POINT.

"Take care of the pennies, young man, and the dollars will take care of themselves."
"Yes, but in the mean time who is to take care of me?"

NEXT BEST THING.

"Have any notes come to me at the theatre to-day from the Crowned Heads of Europe?"
"No, Miss Pinkette, but a whole lot of notes came for you from the Ball Heads of America."

VENTILATED WOES.

"Old Goudro's heart is broken over the misdeeds of that wild son of his."
"Suffering from bad hair, eh?"

STOCK REPLY FAILED.

Sunday-School Superintendent—Children, there was once a boy who was tenderly reared, but who fell among evil companions and who went from bad to worse until he forged a check and then shot his employer. And I wonder if any of you dear children can tell me what became of that wicked man?
Children (in one voice)—He stands before us to-day, sir!

EASY WAY OUT OF IT.

"I'll knock you into the middle of next week."
"I only wish you would. My rent falls due to-morrow."

SOMEBODIES.

CELLIER, FRANCOIS—the composer, has resigned the position of conductor of the Savoy Theatre (London) Orchestra, which he has held since 1878.

CLOWRY, ROBERT C.—the new President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, began life as a messenger boy.

FERGUSON, GOV.—of Oklahoma, has just been photographed for the first time in twenty years.

GILMAN, DR. D. C.—has been the prime mover in the founding of three universities.

HUNTINGTON, ARCHER M.—has just returned from Europe with 21,000 volumes to add to his collection of Spanish literature, which is said to be the largest in the world.

HUGHES, GEN. R. P.—who has just assumed command of the Department of California, entered the army as a private in 1861.

LEO XIII.—has received \$4,000,000 in bequests, of which \$900,000 came in during the past year.

NORRIS, PROF. J. C.—has given Union School a copy of the Bible printed in 1594.

ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT—is said to contemplate writing a history of Texas.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Mrs. Hetty Green has been considering the purchase of a large estate in North Cohasset, Mass., intending to use it as a summer residence. One of Cohasset's attractions to large owners of property is its low tax rate, and it is reported that this fact has had no little to do with Mrs. Green's choice.

Two parrots belonging to Mme. Patti are a source of constant amusement to every one near them, and there could not be a greater contrast, for, while one talks and sings all day long, imitating its mistress's trills in a weird, thin voice, the other is constantly silent. The former only cost the lady the latter five for he was represented to be the finest talking parrot alive.

Mrs. Dewey still continues indisposed, although the temperature of Palm Beach Fla., has worked improvement in the throat trouble which caused her to leave Washington for the winter.

Miss Palma, a niece of the President of Cuba, is visiting an aunt in Milwaukee. With her uncle, the President, she will sail for Cuba from New York March 22 and will arrive in time for the inauguration, which takes place April 1.

For Shorter Hours.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
All praise to you, for your gallant fight for shorter hours for firemen. In no place else in the world, I venture to say, do such conditions exist that men are compelled to be on duty for twenty-one hours out of twenty-four. The opposition are said to claim that seventy-five per cent. of the men do not want the change. If that were so, then these seventy-five per cent. would rather sleep in a stable (what else can you compare an engine house to?) than at home. Does that sound reasonable? No, no; it is not so, but ninety-nine per cent. of the men, if put to a vote, would sign in favor of shorter hours. The average fireman, when he comes in the business,

is a church-going, God-fearing man, but we are sometimes gradually weaned away from our religion and our God, and we cannot attend church in a proper manner. We are not asking for anything that should not be granted to a Christian man—namely, time to be at home with our families and time to attend to our church duties as we would like to.
BLUE SHIRT.

Chicago Testimony.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a resident of the "windy" but good old town, Chicago. I must take issue with the statement of Robert E. Hughes, who says that Bobby Newcomb was the author of the song, "A Big Sunflower." If I am not mistaken, the author was Charlie Pettengill, who in

the early 70's was a leading minstrel of those days. Bobby Newcomb was only a boy those days. For a general all-around performer, one who could sing as well as dance, there never was one who could compare with the "only" Emerson. Poor Billy! May God be merciful to him, for he never wronged a human being and was all his life a good fellow in name as well as fact.
W. H. THOMAS.

States Island Curles.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I do not like to see another country get ahead of us. Now I see that they have dug up a boat in Ireland supposed to be 2,000 years old, and are going to put it in a museum in Dublin. Now what is the matter with

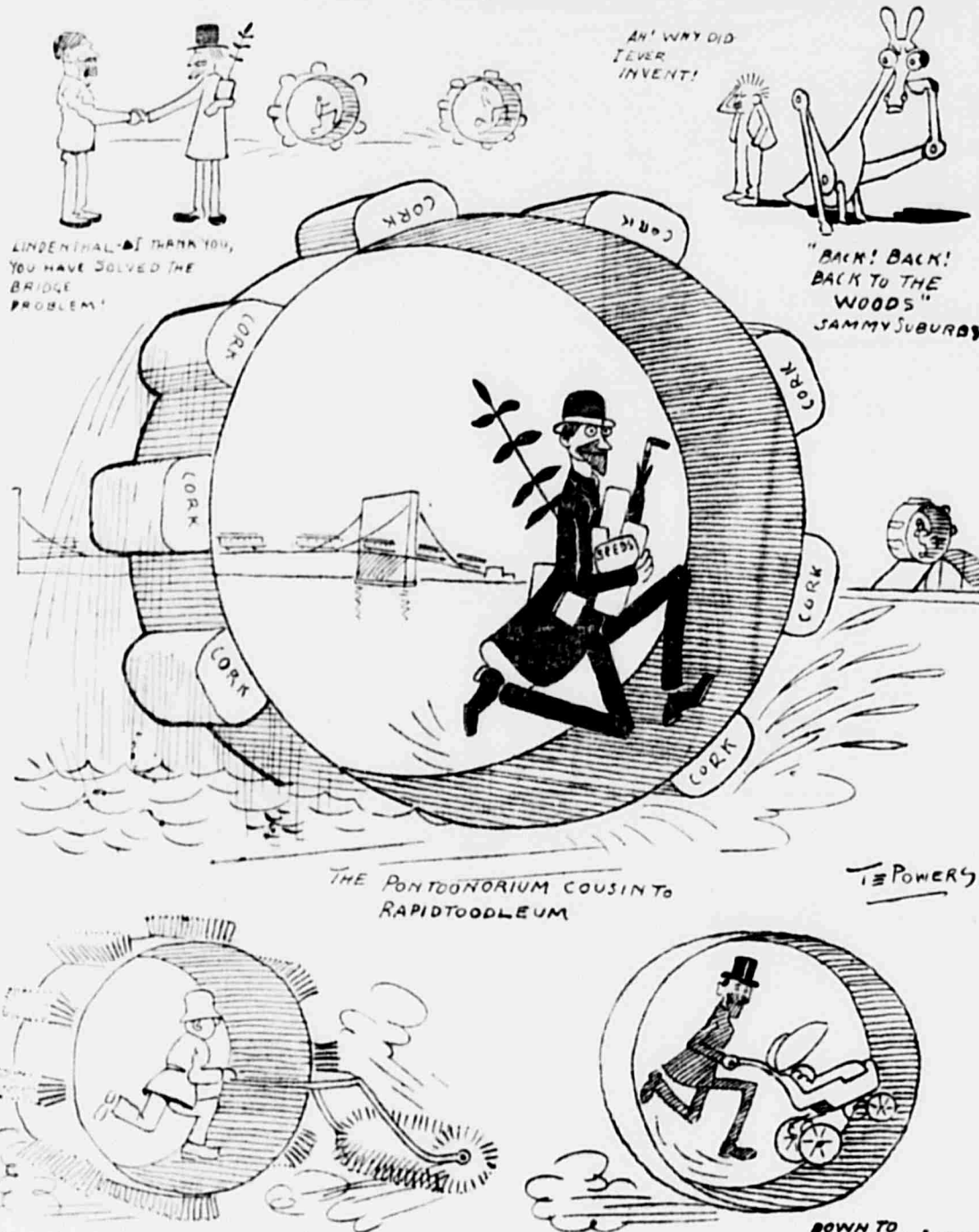
taking one of the Staten Island ferry-boats and putting it in a museum at St. George, N. Y. I think it can be best that Irish boat on antiquity and thus save the glory of Staten Island and of America.
RICK ROBERTS.

Prairie Army and Navy Men.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
You ask an answer for Miss C. J. A. concerning army or navy men and their fitness for husbands. I married a man who has served five years in the United States Marine Corps and I have yet to find a couple who get along more happily than we do. I do not find him extravagant or dissipated in the least, and I know several men who were in the United States service and know they are loving husbands. I know that if I go

The Funny Side of Life.

THE BRIDGE PROBLEM SOLVED.

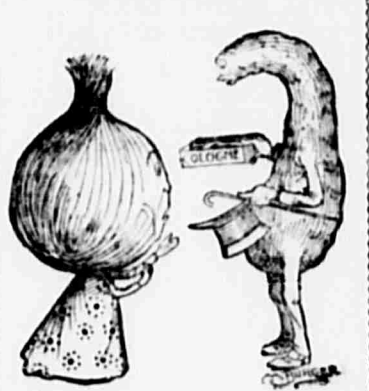


Long Island Harry, the Flatbush Rapidoodleizer, making a trip across the East River in his Pontonorium for the benefit of Herr Lindenthal.—Sammy Suburb and his Rapidoodleum back to the woods!

ILL-MATED.



GAME-Y JOKE.



ONE GOOD USE FOR STEAM AUTOS.



BALS FOR WOUNDS.

"Willie, never cry over a broken heart. It may hurt, but it makes yer fergit yer conscience."

BORROWED JOKES.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

"I see a crank out West announces his invention of a theatre hat for ladies that will shut up when the curtain rises."
"If he'd only invent a box party that would do that he'd deserve a medal!"
Philadelphia Press.

OVER THE COCKTAIL.

Col. Bluegrass—Kentucky, sah, is the home of oratory.
"And yet, Colonel, your true Kentuckian is always more or less dry."—Detroit Free Press.

HER DEAR FRIEND.

"They asked me to their reception," said the girl with the two-story pompadour, "but I wasn't because they like me. It was because I can sing."
"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken," said the other girl, impulsively.—Chicago Tribune.

HER SUSPICION.

"Is your husband suffering from the toothache?"
"Well," answered the woman with a tired expression, "he says he's suffering. But from the way he keeps bragging about it I'm half-suspicious that he's kind of enjoying it."—Washington Star.

VIEWED FROM ABOVE.

"You know," said the orang-outang, "that man is descended from a monkey!"
"Yes," answered the chimpanzee, "and his descent has been very great. But let us set it down to his credit that he tries to rise up again. Every now and then you hear of some man who is doing his best to make a monkey of himself."—London Express.

INDEPENDENT.

"I wish to marry your daughter, sir."
"You'll have to ask her about that, young man. I'm only her father."—Detroit Free Press.

WHAT THEY WANTED.

"You see," explained the delegation that was extending a "call" to a distinguished clergyman, "we have had many ministers who gave satisfaction in the pulpit, but somehow the church debt has not been reduced."
"Ah!" replied the distinguished divine, "I quite understand. You are looking for a business manager under another name."—Chicago Post.

FOOTLIGHTS.

E. H. Sothorn is giving an extra matinee in Philadelphia just to afford his charming wife, Virginia Harned, an opportunity of seeing his performance in "If I Were King." and incidentally of satisfying herself as to how Eddie is getting on without her in the east. Of course, we all know he is managing to pull through very well, but few of us will admit that he has ever had, or is likely to have, a more delightful leading lady than his own truly wife, the fair and fascinating and magnetic Virginia.

Alice Fischer, as happy and blithe as the first robin of spring, was rushing through one of the department stores when I saw her recently. The reason for all this blitheness was soon discovered. Miss Fischer said good-bye to all kinds of and later sailed for Merrie England to join her husband, William Hapgood, who is in London with the "Arizona" company. Miss Fischer travelled with Sir Henry Irving's company. Who wouldn't be blithe and gay?

Camille D'Arville is going back to the stage and intends to appear next season in a new opera. Already the quiet joys of domesticity seem to have palled upon the singer, and nothing will do her now but a sniff of glue from the paint frame. There is something about the musty atmosphere of that region known as "behind the scenes" which is irksome to the person who has once become accustomed to it. Blue skies and sunlight seem to dazzle in vain, and in the case of Camille D'Arville we cannot be very sincerely sorry that such is the fact.

MADRIGAL.

Summer stole away so very softly
I ne'er so much as heeded when she passed.
All through August our long days together
Had grown so sweet I knew they could not last.
But when she lingered with me through September
And e'en October found us gladly gay,
I lost my fears and loosed my arms about her,
Ah! then it was she gently slipped away.
Dorothy King, in Boston Transcript.

EASTER WEEK CONFESSIONS OF THE VACILLATING EGG.

By my mother I'm tramped on,
I'm cornered, I'm stamped on,
And often I'm boxed up and shipped.
I'm boiled and I'm beaten,
I'm scrambled and eaten—
(I know what it is to be whipped.)

"With care!" I am handled,
I'm frequently candied,
Without me a pudding is sad,
In batter I'm stirred up,
Sometimes I am shirred up—
(And when I am bad—well, I'm BAD!)

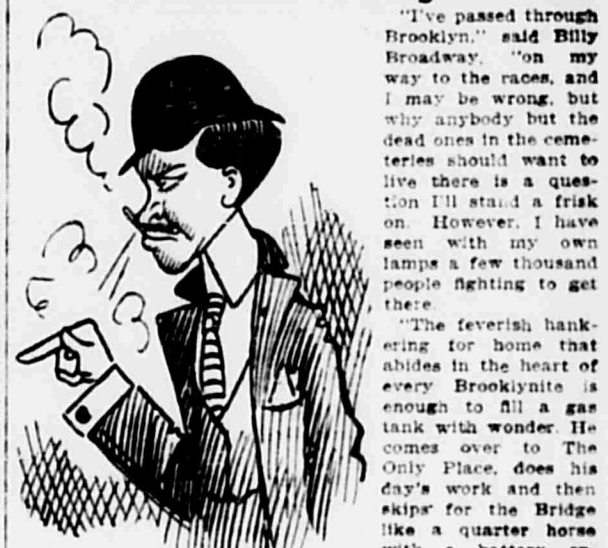
With ribbons I'm tied up
At Easter, and dyed up,
I figure in many a joke.
I'm in cold storage caged
If I am not hatched—
(I know what it is to be broke.)

When I'm over-ripened
I'm the bad actor's stipend,
I often give Hamlet a hunch,
When I'm in liquor
I go down the quicker,
And sometimes I get in a punch

In vials enticing,
And all kinds of being
I figure most frequently,
And at twelve for a quarter
You know (or you oughter)
I'm not what I'm cracked up to be.
WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

BILLY BROADWAY.

He Discourses on Bridge Stormers.



MR. BROADWAY.

"After slugging his way through the crowd to the track his car runs on the Brooklynite stands and waits. As soon as he sees his car he makes a run for it. Generally about six of him reach the platform at the same time. There is a short, sharp battle royal, the car starts around the loop and they pile on. If the Brooklynite succeeds in kicking some old man in the stomach on his way to a seat he swells up like a piano in a steam-heated flat.
"One evening a short time ago a pimply Bridge rusher found a woman in his way. She had a baby in her arms. The bridge rusher handed her a nice, chivalrous sweat on the jaw and she went down for the count. If that happened up here on Broadway the male bystanders would leap upon the man and do things to the sidewalk with him. What did the Bridge stormers do? They walked on the woman, and if a cop hadn't rescued her she would have been part of the pavement in about two minutes.
"Herr Lindenthal throws a lot of hot air about plans to relieve the Bridge crush. It can't be relieved until all the rushers kill each other off. The man who bites puppies' tails off is a gentleman compared to some of the crowd who surtle and twist and slug their way to the graveyard borough every night."

THE ONLY ORIGINAL JOKES Since the Days of Old Rameses.

Here are, perhaps, the only original jokes written since the days of Rameses II. They are original, because they are the exact opposites of every other joke you've read. Carping critics may claim they have no point. But you can't expect point and originality in the same joke. Any joke can have a point. But the purely original joke is something worth missing the train for.
After which modest introduction, here come the jokes:
Smith—Lend me \$5, won't you?
Jones—Certainly, old man. Here it is. (Please observe that Jones made no reference to the \$5 he lent Smith last week, and doesn't kiss the money good-bye.)

Mrs. Brown—Did you mail that letter I gave you asking mother to spend the winter with us?
Brown—Certainly, I did. I'll be only too glad to see the dear old lady again. (This joke needs no key. Even a Moon-mon could see it.)

Van Ankit—Sir, I have the honor to ask you for your daughter's hand.
Old Gortox—I only ask my daughter's happiness. If she loves you, you may have her.

Cholly—I love you. Will you marry me?
Ethel—Yes, dear.
(And the little brother didn't speak up from under the sofa, and the old man didn't sit Tower on him, and he didn't ask silly questions or say it was so sudden, and he didn't make any sort of fool of himself. The above is the star jest of my new Jestuary.)

Clerk—Sir, I should greatly appreciate a raise of salary.
Merchant—You have worked faithfully and you shall have it. (This joke's improbability is its only flaw.)

Young Wife—How do you like this pie? I made it myself.
Young Husband—It is delicious. As good as any my mother ever made.

Sport—How did you happen to be knocked out?
Pugilist—My opponent was the better man.

Wife—Dear, can you let me have \$50 for an Easter hat?
Husband—Certainly, dear. Will \$50 be enough?

I have 7,000 more jokes just as good, but the Gumpings should be enough to hold the public awile.
A. F. TERRANCE.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

For Shorter Hours.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
All praise to you, for your gallant fight for shorter hours for firemen. In no place else in the world, I venture to say, do such conditions exist that men are compelled to be on duty for twenty-one hours out of twenty-four. The opposition are said to claim that seventy-five per cent. of the men do not want the change. If that were so, then these seventy-five per cent. would rather sleep in a stable (what else can you compare an engine house to?) than at home. Does that sound reasonable? No, no; it is not so, but ninety-nine per cent. of the men, if put to a vote, would sign in favor of shorter hours. The average fireman, when he comes in the business,

is a church-going, God-fearing man, but we are sometimes gradually weaned away from our religion and our God, and we cannot attend church in a proper manner. We are not asking for anything that should not be granted to a Christian man—namely, time to be at home with our families and time to attend to our church duties as we would like to.
BLUE SHIRT.

Chicago Testimony.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a resident of the "windy" but good old town, Chicago. I must take issue with the statement of Robert E. Hughes, who says that Bobby Newcomb was the author of the song, "A Big Sunflower." If I am not mistaken, the author was Charlie Pettengill, who in

the early 70's was a leading minstrel of those days. Bobby Newcomb was only a boy those days. For a general all-around performer, one who could sing as well as dance, there never was one who could compare with the "only" Emerson. Poor Billy! May God be merciful to him, for he never wronged a human being and was all his life a good fellow in name as well as fact.
W. H. THOMAS.

States Island Curles.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I do not like to see another country get ahead of us. Now I see that they have dug up a boat in Ireland supposed to be 2,000 years old, and are going to put it in a museum in Dublin. Now what is the matter with

taking one of the Staten Island ferry-boats and putting it in a museum at St. George, N. Y. I think it can be best that Irish boat on antiquity and thus save the glory of Staten Island and of America.
RICK ROBERTS.

Prairie Army and Navy Men.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
You ask an answer for Miss C. J. A. concerning army or navy men and their fitness for husbands. I married a man who has served five years in the United States Marine Corps and I have yet to find a couple who get along more happily than we do. I do not find him extravagant or dissipated in the least, and I know several men who were in the United States service and know they are loving husbands. I know that if I go

where these men are I do not get insulted as I do when I pass the young men you find on the street corners at all times of the day. As a rule army and navy men are kind and gentlemanly, and a brave man makes a good husband.
MR. CHARLES HANSEN.

A "Well" Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A man fell down a well in the centre of which hung a rope that just touched the surface of the water. The diameter of the well was four feet. Wishing to know how far he had to climb he first calculated the length of the rope by drawing it taut to the side of the well where he saw it touched a point three inches above the water. Now did he measure the depth of the well?
ANGLAINE.